

RINOLOGY

BRIDGEABOUT

1736

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R I N O L O G Y:
O R, A
DESCRIPTION
O F T H E
N O S E,

And particularly of that Part of it call'd,
THE BRIDGE.

Wherein is shewn,

That the BRIDGE is the proper Support of the Nose; that it is Essential to it; that a Nose don't deserve its Name without it; that the Bridge is not call'd a Bridge, because the Nose goes over it, but because Salt-Water often runs by it; with natural Reasons, why, in a wet or cold Morning, 'tis High-Water at the Bridge of the Nose, and yet the Tide runs out at the same Time. To which are subjoin'd, several Accounts of Persons who had High Noses, others who had Low Noses, others who had Flat Noses, and some who had none at all.

Humbly inscrib'd to the Family of Great Noses.

By TIMOTHY BRIDGEABOUT, formerly Fellow of St. Patrick's College, and Operator for the Nose to the Great Mogul.

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RINOLOGY:

OR, A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

N O S E.



R. F O G, in a late Letter, treated largely of N O S E S; shewed how the Long Ones led the Short Ones, and the Short Ones followed the Long Ones, with a great Variety of Noseal-Pomp. But, I don't think, tho' he's a Man of good Sense, that his Criticisms, upon the whole, were just, or that he acted the Part of a Politico-Chirurgico Philosopher, as he ought to have done; much less did he invoke the Assistance of the Muse, in order to intersperse his Letter with Poetry, which would have set it off to better Advantage. This

might be owing to Reasons of his own; yet, I'm sure, the Subject would admit of greater Variety, as well as an Enlargement.

There is nothing, then, you must know, more essential to a good Nose, than a firm *Bridge*: The stronger the latter is, the more solid the former; because 'tis the prime Basis, or principal Support. Whereas, if the latter be, in any-wise, invalidated, you might say, without a Solecism, that a Man or a Woman has no Nose; it being, in such Case, so subject to Distortion, that the Wind itself is apt to twist it; which, whenever it happens, renders a Person very contemptible; nay, makes him so deform'd and odious, that, in my Opinion, as *Horace* expresses it, nothing worse can befall any one, *Quam parvo vivere Naso.*

Some, 'tis true, have High Noses, some Low Ones; which is occasioned by their several *Bridges*, that make 'em rise or subside, either in Proportion to their Dimensions, or else according to their Degrees of natural Strength: But, however, it may be looked upon to be a Paradox, by which Persons of the first Class are more easily led, forasmuch as one may get the better Hold of them. This is obvious from this Consideration, that if you suppose a Person to have no Nose, 'twere in vain for any one to attempt a Catch of it; and, by the same Parity of Reason, suppose a
Man

Man to have a Large One, he's o' course more easily got hold of, and becomes more ductile, and subject to Command.

Ovid was a Man remarkable for this Member, therefore styl'd *Naso*, which, some say, made many Ladies be enamour'd with him: But, be this as it will, 'tis more probable, that he was led by it into a great many Whimsies; which proves the Truth of the above Assertion, and helps to set it beyond all Dispute: Nor can I think that a Great Nose alone is sufficient to make the Ladies fall in Love with any one, because they better understand the Rules of Proportion, and know that Beauty consists in the Fitness of Things. And, indeed, to say otherwise of them, would be to undervalue them, and represent them as Persons of very weak Judgments. Besides, 'tis well known, that some of 'em who had very High Noses themselves, thought them to be unmodish, or unfashionable, and have us'd artful Ways to lower their Bridges; Nay, one of 'em, once, as the Poet says, had so over-done the Business, in this Respect, that she would have given any Money to have had the Thing rectified; and, doubtless, she wish'd that she had never tamper'd with it.

Once, on a Day, a Female Sage,
Of middle Size and ripen'd Age,
Who often play'd at Shuttle-Cock,
A Game at which she had the Knack;

Or,

Or, rather than sit on her Bottom,
 Wou'd gee, sometimes, and play at Totome,
 Met a grave Don, and to him said :

Oh ! If you can, Sir, help a Maid —

As I'm a Sinner——never did

A Thing prohibit or forbid :

I am as innocent a Creature,

As e'er receiv'd the Human Nature ;

I am, — I swear by all that's good ; —

But, lo ! — This stands not as it shou'd !

You see my Bow-spret wants a Prop ! —

Now, can't your Worship help it up ?

The Don, thus to her made reply,

Not one the Sex loves more than I ;

None unto them is more obliging,

Nor better knows the Art of Bridging :

I'll try, egad, if I can do't.

But, if I answer not your Suit,

Must beg, you may not take it ill,

Nor it impute to want of Skill ;

For nothing e'er I undertake,

The Cure of which I cannot make : —

Then turn to me thy pretty Face,

So well proportion'd but *le Nez*.

She did — He cry'd, It ne'er will rise,

I always trusted my own Eyes :

However, — there's a watery Pit,

That needs a Bridge as well as it ;

If that wants Fund, — there can't, by *Jove*,

A Bridge be rais'd ; for that above.

He prob'd, and better prob'd again,

Next said, All Things must still remain

Just as they are ; — And so, I say, *Amen.* }

Thus far the Poet. *

But,

* See *Bridgewater's Poems*, Vol. i. p. 52.

But, if it should be granted, that a Large Nose may sometimes be an Advantage to a Person, or conduce to his Benefit in some Respects, yet, 'tis as certain it may prove detrimental in others: Witness its Obnoxiousness to twisting or Ducture, as in the first Case above-mention'd; and in the second, too, in which 'tis expos'd to private Demolition, without the Possibility of any future Remedy or Redress. Tho' this will be better clear'd up in the Sequel.

However, how it came to pass, that the intermediate Part of the Nose, which is only a Prop to it, should be termed a Bridge, seems to me, indeed, very odd. All Men must know, that it's only a Column; and a Pillar, I'm sure, suppose it to be, or Perpendicular, or Horizontal, or Oblique, can't, with any Propriety, be call'd a Bridge. If it be said, that it may well enough be call'd so, I would only ask, for what Reason? Not sure, because the Nose goes over it. No, truly, that won't do: Because the whole Nose is often made a Bridge of, and as often styl'd such. Thus,

If one goes into a Gin-Shop, and a Person happens to drink past another, with a *Here's at ye Peggy*, the Person *miss'd*, in the Order of Drinking, will be apt to cry out with the most passionate Resentment, *Dimme, you Fellow*, what do you make a Bridge of my Nose for? *A'n't I as well worth a Glass as another? Upon my Conscience,*
I

I have a great Mind to break the Cock o' your Dial, so I have. Peggy, forsooth, must be treated like a Dutcheffs ! while the D——I a Drop gets poor Bridget ! So that a better Reason may be given for its being call'd a Bridge, and that is, because Salt-Water often runs by it. And it's generally High-Water in a wet or a cold Morning.

In order, therefore, to constitute the Bridge, there must be something of Archness in the Nose, or that mimicks an Arch, or, at least, that answers the Purposes of it ; otherwise one can never be supposed to smell well, or speak distinctly.

I have known a little dapper Fellow, who had nothing of this Mathematical Figure, *i. e.* whose Nose was neither plain nor convex, whenever he spoke, whistle like a Flagelet ; and, if he at any Time attempted to raise his Voice, wou'd tune his Discourse to such a Degree, that you wou'd imagine he was setting the CXIXth *Psalms* with Bag-pipes. This, G—d forgive me, made me sometimes imagine, that he had been a great Sinner ; and that his Tuning always was a Proof he had lov'd setting : Tho' I must own, indeed, it might be owing to his being set upon, by some Fellows, as rough as your Watermen, who assaulted him by Night, and levell'd his *Gnomon*.

Mean Time, 'tis odd, methinks, that, with all the Art Artists can use, they cannot

not make an Instrument, that has been us'd to be brac'd with Cat-gut, sound musically without a Bridge: While any Man whatever, who has no Nafeal Prop, shall tune as naturally as a Milk-woman cries *Meyou!*

Whether or no some Persons mayn't do so from Constitution, I shall not, at present, take upon me to decide. The *French*, 'tis certain, speak all thro' their Noses, and can't speak without them: Nay, so essential is a Nose to their Pronunciation, that, cut off that Member, and you cut off their Tongue. And this is one Reason why they never can pronounce *English* without blundering in Accent and Propriety of Diction: So neither can an *English* Man learn to speak *French*, unless he snuffs *damnably*, or keeps a *French* Mistress; the doing either of which, will help to improve and perfect him in the Language in a very little Time.

But this little Scrap (if I may call it so) of *French* History, brings to my Remembrance a Story of a Presbyterian Parson, who, in troublesome Times, was persecuted for his Religion. All of his Persuasion were denied a Toleration, and fin'd, and imprison'd, if catch'd at any Conventicle. Among many others, it happ'd to be this Man's Lot to be apprehended, afterward to be kept *in salva Custodia*, till the Assizes commenc'd in the County Town. At which Time he was carried before the
B
Judges,

Judges, and examined concerning the Facts that were alledged against him. After some previous Questions, relating to this Affair, one of 'em ask'd him, whence it came to pass that the Presbyterian Parsons generally spoke thro' their Noses? The honest Man replied, without any Dread, after this Manner: My Lord, the Answer to your Lordship's Query is as ready as 'tis true. My Lord, you know the Bishops have stopp'd up our Mouths, and we must either speak thro' our Noses, or else hold our Tongues. This Repartee took so mightily with the Judge, that, openly, before the Court, he applauded the Parson, and said, he could not dissent from him for his witty Answer. Accordingly he dismissed him from further Prosecution, and, on finishing the Business of the Day, invited him to dine with him.

The Parson attended him with a joyful Heart, went to his Lordship's House and crack'd many Jokes, and eat and drank as heartily as a Bishop: So that the Judge found, to his Cost, he had both Nose and Mouth, and could use 'em, whenever Occasion serv'd him, as well as a L——d. But,

I must beg the Reader's Pardon for this Digression, for Mouths, I know, should not be introduced, when I talk of Noses and their Support alone. No, marry, this ought not to be, tho' some Mouths and Noses frequently meet together.

Thus

Thus, when your tip-top Beaux meet with your Belles Dames, they Mouth consumedly, Tongue damnably, and Bill as heartily. There is no knowing, for sometime, what they would be at, nor kenning, indeed, what Nose is uppermost, or which of their Bridges bears the Ascendant, until, at last, they come to join Giblets; and then, I own, the Superiority is discernable, and they are frequently tir'd, almost, to Death.

This is the Reason why Mr. *Chez-nous's* Lady, after dancing a *Horn* Dance with Captain *Buckrom*, is sometimes so very much fatigued that she's indispos'd, perhaps, for three Fortnights, and longs as much for a Piece of the *Moon*, as a Lady of *Breeding* does for *Green Cheese*: Nay, further, will lay the Blame of this *Lunar* Disorder upon her own dear Spouse, rather than upon the *Captain*.

I grant that the *Captain* might not have danc'd so frequently with her, and, therefore, 'tis possible, is not so culpable. But, the Query is, if he's not, partly, to be blamed, considering that he must have contributed to her Disorder? For,

In such Cases, 'tis much the same as in *Cuckoldom*. If one Man gets in with another Man's Wife, forgets the Commandments, and begets upon her Body, tho' the Husband will be call'd the Father of the Child; yet every one, who has heard

of the other Fellow's dabbling, will be apt to say, *He put a Nose to't.*

True, your Midwives, and Wives, and Widows, in a Neighbourhood, always say, at a Lying-in, that the Child is its Father's Picture; tho' God knows, 'tis often as unlike the Good-man, as a *Square* is to a *Circle*; and you might as well believe a *Rotundum Quadratum*, as lay any Stress upon their Equivocations. Like it's Father it may be, and that's all their Meaning; which they express ambiguously, to palliate their own Tricks, in order to deceive you by a double *Entendre*. Who ever questions a Thing of this Sort, unless when the Mother makes *away* with the Child? None ever did; none ever can.

And so betwixt 'em, both together,
A Child is got, and *Dick's* the Father;
Be sure he is; ——— and at its Birth,
There's nought but Banqueting and Mirth.
L——d love it (with a Buss) cries one,
It is, in C——ence, Dad's own Son.
Ay, marry, is it, ——— says another;
It has no Features of its Mother.
—— Bless me! But did you ever see
Two Noses so exactly 'gree!
No, F——th; ne'er did, replies a Third; ———
It is a pretty little Bird. ———
And, ——— see the pretty little Chin,
With rising ——— and Dimple in!
And see the pretty little Neck,
The pretty Shoulders, and the Back; ———
Ay, ———

Ay,—and the pretty Arms and Hands !
 And how exact each Finger stands !
 Do but observe, *there*, Cousin *Nelly*,
 Behold the pretty little Belly !
 And there's for you a clever Cock !
 Indeed, already't does provoke——
In troth,——in Time these pretty Legs
 Will be some where ;——They will good Fegs !
 Indeed, indeed,——they'll get between !——
Ob ! Don't say so !——Pho ! That's no Sin.—
 Well then, as one may safely say,——
 Will little Dear choose to Hey-Hey,
 Indeed, indeed, I'll hold it out,
 And there's for it a pretty Clout ;——
 But, Cousin *Nelly* !——Drink about.

But the merriest Thing that I ever heard
 upon this Subject is, a Story of a Man
 who had no Nose, yet used to insinuate
 himself into his Landlord's Wife, and, for
 that very Reason, was suppos'd to contri-
 bute to her Ventricular Growth. She
 happen'd, indeed, for some Years, to have
 no Child ; but, at last, grow'd as Pregnant
 as any *Gin-drinker*. Whereupon several
 Folks, upon her Delivery, took Occasion to
 say, the Child wa'n't all her Husband's,
 not meaning, that the honest Woman bore
 a-part in getting it. Ay F—th, said one,
 Mr. What d'ye call-him ran snacks there.
 'Egad, says another, and so I believe too.
 Z—ds, says a Third, I cou'd *almost* swear
 it ; for I've watch'd them, often, and peep'd
 thro' the foraminous Parts of the Door,
 com-

commonly call'd, a Key-Hole, or a Slit, and have seen the Fellow's Pendant, nasal Leather, dangle over her (at every Nod he made) like the Digit of a fingerless Glove, *i. e.* a Glove that has neither Finger nor Thumb in it. Z—ds, I have, said he ; and, I cou'd almost swear it. By Yea, and by Nay, I cou'd ; so I cou'd. He had a Finger in the Pye, as sure as I'm there. And when the Child was got, he put a Nose to't.

Now the Cream of the Jest is, whether a Man who has no Nose, that's better than a Piece of Shammey, shou'd put a Nose to any thing ? How shou'd he do it. As impossible, certainly, as to fly up to the Moon in Eclipse, without having a Lanthorn to shew the Way down.

But, I was exceedingly pleas'd with a Noseless Fellow, who came, t'other Day, into a Barber's Shop, in order to have his Wig touch'd up, as they call it. He happ'd to be a *French-man*, as well as to want a Nose : And, therefore, could speak nor *French* nor *English* intelligibly ; which made him hop about like the Devil on two Sticks. However, upon his coming in, he endeavour'd to talk to the Gentleman *Tonsor*, *alias* the Surgeon-Barber, thus ;—— *Be gar, Sir, Me vant someting dun two dis von Vig of mine.*——Can you
take

take it off, and set it on more agreeably ? Oüi, Monsieur, replied the Barber ; and, accordingly, he uncover'd Monsieur's Pericranium ; set his Wig first upon one Block, which was nearest the powdering Box, and then upon another that stood farther from it ; but, at the same time, wanted a Nose. The Frenchman took this desperately ill, and seem'd to resent it with a great deal of Warmth. Be gar, Sir (said he) yow affrunt me too vays. Vor, furst, yow zet my Vig upon dis vooden Head, and den take it off from dat, and zet it upon anoder, dat has no more Nowse den myne A—se ! Be gar, me oonderstand your Tricks. And den, agen, now, you laff at me. O de Tricks of de English. Vat, tho' me vant a Nowse, vat's dat to you ? Be gar, Sir, me break your Nowse, if Me cou'd ! Pray, Sir, said the Barber, don't be offended, I'm sure I did not design to affront you ; nor have I done any thing that you won't do your self. Haw, haw, cry'd the Frenchman, Vorse and vorse again. Be gar, you are powder'd already, but if me cou'd, me wou'd Oyl you all over, for de impudent Remark at pooting on my Vig. Here, for you, dere's Two Pence—but me'll pay you more, sure, at some oder Time.

Now, 'tis my humble Opinion, tho' the Barber might have acted inconsiderately in this respect, that he was guilty of no Ill-manners, nor cou'd justly incur the
Censure

Censure he receiv'd. What, tho' he took the Perriwig off one Block, and put it upon another, that's no new Thing; 'tis done daily, nightly, and every Hour o' the Day. And, if his Block happen'd to want a Nose, that was his own Loss, and it was well that his Nose, suppose it ever so *short*, escap'd so *long*, considering how often he had to do among Sharpers. Besides,

A *Frenchman*, or any other, might know this much of *Rinography*, that great Blows, or Knocks, or hard K——ing, as we sometimes say, will soon demolish the strongest Nose, that ever was made for a Face. The wooden Nose, which was broke off the Block, is one Proof of this; and, Monsieur's having no Nose, is certainly another, because that Member is seldom or never cut off, unless it be to make a perfect Cure. True, we often say of a Fellow, who is noisy or troublesome, he deserves to have his Nose slit; but, that's a wrong way, because 'tis but half-doing a Thing, or doing by halves; and, therefore, there's two to one if it ever cure effectually.

Mean time, there are several Stories of Noses which occur to my Thoughts, and which I shall therefore recite, at present, lest I should happen afterward to lose Scent of 'em, and so be as bad as if I had no Nose myself.

One is of a Gentleman who had not this Member, but yet happ'd to smell a-piece of the good roast Beef of *England*, which was in his Neighbour's House, and just going to be serv'd upon the Table. Accordingly he went and paid him a Visit, with a Design, be sure, to have a Stroak at it. Upon his going in, he found the Table cover'd, but the Maid had forgot to lay Knives and Forks. She immediately ask'd her Mistress how many she should lay? Prithee now, says she, why need you ask Questions? An't you a dull, stupid Girl? Why, only count Noses, *Peggy*; and then you'll be right. The Gentleman hearing this, took it very ill, and thought that Madam intended to affront him, and so he went off, with a full Stomach, and empty Guts; that is, without a Dinner. Upon this, her Spouse spoke to her about her imprudent Answer to the Maid. My dear, said he, 'twas ill done to speak so to *Peggy*; you might be very sure, the Gentleman would be offended; you huff'd him, that's beyond Dispute; and that made him take his Leave so abruptly. Madam reply'd, Huff him; don't talk to me of huffing; I only bad her count Noses, and if he took it to himself, e'en let him; Ay, marry, let him, my Dear; if he has no Nose, he has a Mouth for *all*, and he would have

devour'd more with it, than all the Noses at Table; I know him well enough; pray speak no more about him; I say, let him be gone; rot him, an old Rogue, let him follow his Nose.

In like manner a Fellow, who had a very Long Nose, came, one Night, into a certain Company met together in a publick House, nigh the *Temple*, who were all Lawyers, Sollicitors, or Attornies. They all star'd at his *long Bill*, tho' they generally make as *long Bills* themselves as any Men. However, every time he drank when the Pot was full, he div'd, with his Nose, half a Foot below the Froth, and never took it from his Head 'till the Froth left his Nose. One whispers, Egad 'tis a pitty he were not a Stone-Horse; he would certainly then have made a clever Gelding; for, your best Jockies say, there's no surer Sign of a good Nag, or durable Mare, than to drink deep; they observe, at Watering, they'll plunge above their Nostrils. Ay, cries Mr. *Goosequill*, and so do your Asses, and they're reckon'd as hardy Creatures as any of their Species. Mr. *Pleader* says next, that may be a Mistake, for that sort of Depth may be owing to a Heaviness in the Head; and so, Gentlemen, you're out there. The Man over-heard all this Discourse, and reply'd to them thus, Sirs, you're quite mistaken of me;
I'm

I'm no heavy-headed Fellow, nor ever get drunk with Bub, let me drink ever so deep, because I always drink by rule of Nose, and that is as sure a Guide to me, as *Coke* upon *Littleton* is to a Petty-fogger. Here, Boy, what's to pay, or what have you to be paid, to speak more properly. If I ever am intoxicated, 'tis with *Claret* or *Gin*; and the Reason is, because the Glasses are narrow, and my Nose gets some way or other over them, so that 'tis no Rule to me then. Well, I see the Chalks, there's my Reckoning, 'twill do for Number One. By the L——d *Harry*, I understand Figures, and always count fair.

Mr. *Quirk* immediately started up, and told him thus, Hold, Friend, stay half a Minute, you don't understand *Numbers* so well as you imagine, whatever *Figures* you may pretend to make. No, Sir, we must reckon you at the rate of *Number Two*; down with the *Cole* immediately——Why, Man, you drank both with Mouth and Nose. Ha—ha; Egad, your wrong, if you think to impose upon Lawyers.

The poor Fellow immediately doubled his Reckoning, and went out as sheepishly as if he had lost his Nose, tho' he might have spar'd half on't to any one that wanted.

However, to proceed in the Rinographical Order, I can't, without committing a Sin of Omission, but relate the Story of *Parson Bumper*, and *Timothy Badly, the Basket-Maker*. The Parson was a clever jolly Man; a good Pot-Companion enough; wou'd always fill his Gla's above Two-thirds full, at least; and wou'd jest heartily, and yet still be in Earnest. Well, then, he one Day met this honest *Tim* in a Country Ale-house, and, tho' he had never seen him before, bad him Good Morrow, and ask'd him, if he might have the Liberty to sit down by him. Ay, ay, said *Tim* (and he snivel'd consumedly, for he had nothing of a Nose, but a Skin that hung by a Tack, and the Bridge was quite gone) Ay, ay, Master, you're heartily welcome; — Will you please to drink some Ale and Gin. With all my Heart, said *Parson Bumper*; they say, 'tis humming Stuff. — Well then, Here's my Service to you kindly: If I an't wrong, I take you for a Parson; — Well, if you please, I'll help you. Thank ye, Friend, says t'other; — but, hold, hold, you fill me too much. — Never fear, says *Tim*; — too much; — Lack-a-day! What was the rest of the Gla's made for? But you know, Friend, reply'd the Parson, the common Saying, *That an Inch o' the Top is worth two o' the Bottom.* —

Right

Right enough, answers *Tim*, and that made me fill it up; and three Inches are better than two. Come, Man, it won't hurt ye, I warrant ye. Well, but we must take care of ourselves, says the Parson to him. — You've heard the other Proverb, *An Inch is a great deal in the Length of a Man's Nose*. And if I should fall and break half an Inch off mine, I should think myself *badly* off. However, Friend, here's at ye. — At me, says *Tim*: Well, I thank you: — 'Tis at me, that's true; — 'Tis first at my Name, for my Name is *Badly*, tho' that don't hurt one: — And then again, 'tis at my *Nose*, and you must take a Care of that; — you see 'tis in a bad Condition. 'Egad, Master, you did that with a Design. — Upon my Conscience, says the Parson (the L—d forgive me for swearing) I can't say I had no Design in it. I verily believ'd that you had known my Name, which is *Bumper*, and that you, therefore, intended to affront me with your full Glass; for I fancy'd 'twas as much as to say, I well deserv'd my Name, and could never drink but out of a Brimmer. Well, let us both forget and forgive; — We both mistook one another. Mean time, Mr. *Badly*, pray what Trade are you of? Why, Sir, I'm a *Basket-Maker*, and follow'd the Trade for many Years. I thought so, said the Parson, to be free with

with you now, for (you'll pardon me) your Nose tells it.——I fear you have pursued the Game too far ; — you know my Meaning. Not I, answer'd *Badly*, I never went a Hunting, nor Setting, nor Shooting, nay, nor even Cocking, which is no Game, in all my born Days,——What ! I warrant you think some Country 'Squire, belonging to the Game, catch'd me a Pouching. No ; No ; Sir, you're quite wrong there. Do, however, tell me the Fate of your Nose : How did you come to have it so, says Mr. *Bumper* ? Why, Sir, answer'd he, you don't challenge it, I hope ? I hold this Nose by a very good Tenure, and I hope to have and to hold it as long as I can.——It has no Bridge, that's true ; but there's a Doctor, I hear, at t'other End of the Town, who can set it to rights, and clap a good Bridge into't ; ay, marry, as good a one as ever the first was. Nay, I'll be p—x'd then, cries the Parson, if ever he *claps* any Thing into't like the first Bridge. But pray tell me how you came to have it so ? Be so good, I beseech you ! do, Mr. *Badly* ! Why then, said he, since you will know, I came to have it by *Stitching*.——By *Stitching*, answers the Doctor ; — No sure, it must rather be by not *Stitching*, I should think. No, Sir, says he again, you're out there : For, you must learn, that Yesterday it was quite off ;
but

but an honest Girl in the Neighbourhood, was so good, thro' my Solicitations, as to stitch it on for me. And its entirely owing to her that I come to have it so as it is; so that I'm right still. No, you're not right still, cries the Doctor, and I'll shew you how. You must know, then, 'tis in a very bay Way, and that's not owing to Stitching, at least to not Stitching *soundly*. I would have you to know, I understand Things, Mr. *Badly*; had you got a Girl that could have stitch'd it thoroughly, it might have been much firmer, and not dangled as it does. Why Man, you have been following the old Trade of Basket-making; that's the Case. I know what I could say privately. You understand my Meaning. But Parsons, tho' they may say any Thing, in some Companies, and do any Thing, yet can't, dare not, be so free in every Place. That's true, says *Badly*; they're all *Something*. Well, no Matter what. Egad, they're either Fools, or Wise, or Mad, or Sober, and yet find out every Thing. So, Doctor, there's the *Reckoning*; and God bless ye. ——— I wish you, *Badly*, heartily well, says the Parson; and so they parted.

There is a more remarkable Account behind, than any I have yet told you. A certain Person, much in the same Cue with Mr. *Badly*,

Badly, with a Nose as loose, yet with something of a Bridge in't, took a Walk one Morning along the River of *Thames*. There was, at that Time, if we can believe History, no passing over the Water but by Boats; and the Man, 'tis probable, was in Pursuit of the first Oars. However, having Occasion to discharge his Naseal Member, he took out his Handkerchief and blow'd heartily, and then shak'd it over the brink of the River. But, behold, as he again design'd to wipe his Nose, to better purpose, he found it was gone; and that he had not dealt tenderly enough with it. Besides, he intended to have seen his Mistress, who then liv'd on *Southwark* Side. But, upon missing his Nose, he grow'd so angry, that he immediately jumped in and drowned himself, uttering these Words before he took his Leap, *I always lov'd to follow my Nose.*

Some give a farther Account of this Story. They tell us, that it was believed by many Inhabitants of this City, that *London Bridge*, as 'tis call'd, grew out of the Bridge of this Man's Nose; and that the Descendants from the Family of Great Noses were the first who built Houses upon the *Bridge*: For which Reason, say they, they made them all Pro-

Prominent, as the Houses are at this Day, which stand upon it.

As for my own Part, I may say it without Vanity, I have as good a Nose as any Body. 'Tis neither Crooked nor Strait, Flat nor Curve, and yet it answers all the Uses that I would choose to devote it to. And I have a fine Girl, that, upon Tryal, I first married for a Night, and, upon liking, next married for three Fortnights, and then, being charm'd with her, married for as long as should please us both to continue together.

She has a pretty Nose too, as I ever have seen, and it tallies with mine as exactly as any two Things possibly can. Ay, and we have other Things, as she says, and I myself believe, fit and suit one another as well. Besides, all the Features of her Face, and other Parts of her Body, are so finely formed by Nature, that, when I have seen her stand, in a Summer Evening, upon the Brink of the Rivulet that runs by our Garden, I have questioned whether or no she was not really some Angel, that the Gods had permitted to descend from her Cœlestial Abode, in order to inspire me with blissful Transports.

Sometimes, when I beheld her there at a Distance from me, either viewing the Currency of the Stream, or reading some

entertaining Novel, I have been seized with an Aguish Panick. My Head has shaked like the Leaves of a quaking Asp ; My Hair stood an End like the Comes of the Sun ; nay, all the Limbs and Parts of my Body, excepting one Member, have shivered with an uncommon and surprizing Tremor.

In order to prevent this Uneasiness for the future, and render my Angel's Life more secure, I resolved to have a Bridge built over the Rivulet, which being well immured on each Side, should preserve her from Danger.

After some Time, I put my Resolution into Practice ; it was beautifully Built, finely Arched, and as nicely Graveled. But, to gratify her Curiosity, a Chasm, of an Oval Form, was left in it, thro' which she might have the Pleasure, when she pleased, of seeing the Water glide by. Tho' it was dangerous, in some Respects, it was pleasant in others ; being finely adorned all around with Flowers and crinal Twigs.

I have often fallen above three Parts thro', but never sunk quite down, because my Angel always supported me. My Dear, she has said, at the critical Juncture, I will save you from all Harm, I will run all Risques, e'er you should be lost. And so, when she has perceived

I was like to lose my Feet, she has fallen Horizontally to prevent my going quite thro'. The L——d blefs us both as long as we live together; and that is a good Prayer, tho' you may think it a short one.

After all, I cannot dismiss this Subject, without giving you a short Sketch of the *Etymology* of the Nose. Some think it comes from the Latin Word *Nosco*, to know, and for this Reason, because a good Nose, generally, scents well: And to confirm their *Hypothesis*, they instance, that sort of *canine* Creatures, call'd *Hounds*, which, say they, find out every thing, know every thing, hunt every thing, and catch any thing, meerly by the Dint of their staunch Noses; while your little Curs (add they) of the Lap-Dog-make, are only fit for licking a Lady's Face over, and for catching your little dancing Animals, commonly call'd Fleas, which does not require a Nose so much as Tongue and Teeth.

I must beg leave to dissent from these Men's *Hypothesis*, because I don't think their Criticism just upon the Whole. I should rather imagine, that the Word *Nose* comes from the Latin Word *Nasus*, and that again from the Verb *Nascor*, which signifies *to grow*, and that it had this Name given to it,

because 'tis an Excrecence of the Face, or grows with a Prominence out from it. This, tho' a short Account, seems to me more feasible than the other, and to correspond better with Reason and Sense *. The *Latins*, indeed, often use *Nares*, tho' it only signifies the *Nostrils*, for the whole Nose; but that is by a Figure of *pars pro toto*, or because there is no ready Passage on either Side of the Bridge, without taking some Pains to keep it clear; which a Man should, by the by, endeavour to do, if ever he would desire to have a clean Nose.

The *Greeks* call the Nose $\rho\acute{\iota}\varsigma$ and $\rho\acute{\iota}\nu$ [*Ris* and *Rin*] which come from the Verb $\rho\acute{\epsilon}\omega$, to flow. These Words are very proper, because they are very expressive or emphatical. For there is a constant Flux thro' some Noses, in all Weathers, even tho' the Passages be obstructed with *Havannah* or *Rappee*, or some other sort of titilating Powder: And, therefore, the *Greeks* Use the same Words for the *Nostrils*, which they do for the *Nose*; namely, because the Tide goes out, when the Water is either Highest or Lowest.

But,

* What confirms me in my Opinion is, because the *French* call the Nose *le nez*, which, very probable, comes from their Verb *Naitre*, which, likewise, signifies to grow. This is as likely as that they should derive it from the *Latin* Word.

But, in order to prevent the Publick from committing any Error in Criticism, I must put them in Mind of one Thing, which is this, *viz.* To take a special care of mistaking the Latin Word *Nates* for *Nares*. There is only a Letter's Difference between them; and, every body knows, that is very little. The last of these I have already explained, and shewed the Meaning of; I have made it evidently appear, that it signifies, either the Nose or the Nostrils, including the Bridge. Whereas the former, that is *Nates*, signifies two orbicular Satellites which are often eclipsed, but attend, or rather keep Guard of a certain Planet call'd, *Os Sacrum*, yet sometimes are visible to the naked Eye. I, therefore, give this fair Warning, that if any, either thro' Inadvertency, or Design, shall mistake these Terms, or confound them, so as to put them together, or use them promiscuously, so as to make one pass for the other, he will certainly come to repent of his Folly, and meet with what he will well deserve, that is, a very disagreeable *Nose-gay*.

F I N I S.





